
Title: Bonny Portmore

Author: Silent Poet

O Bonny Portmore, you
shine where you stand
And the more I think on
you the more I think long
If I had you now as I
had once before
All the Lords in Old
England would not

purchase
Portmore.

O Bonny Portmore, I am
sorry to see
Such a woeful destruction
of your ornament tree
For it stood on your

shore for many's the long
day
Till the long boats from
Antrim came to float it
away.

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shine where you stand

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you the more I think long
If I had you now as I
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All the Lords in Old
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Portmore.

All the birds in the
forest they bitterly weep
Saying "where will we
shelter or where will we
sleep?"
For the Oak and the Ash
they are all cutten down
And the walls of Bonny
Portmore are all down
to the ground.

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